

the scene of operations be correct, either our two suspects must be uncommonly active and enterprising, or they must be members of a widely operating organization; for we hear of jewels to the amount of \$200,000 being discovered in their rooms in London, after their arrest. But these rumors may be exaggerated. Let us be satisfied with our \$58,000 worth of Burden valuables, and proceed forthwith to the tale of how they were captured and recaptured.

The scene and character of the story are thoroughly genuine. There is no hand-some square in New York, or, perhaps, anywhere else, than that of Madison, and Burden's house, as all New Yorkers know, is one of the best in it. Mr. Burden himself is a gentleman in all respects enviable; he can afford to be the victim of a far heavier theft than this without perceptible inconvenience. He has a son to look up to—a "centre rush"—and his household appears to be modelled upon altogether desirable lines. In short, we are here moving in the best social atmosphere. The very villain of the tale are of the finest breed; ing and behavior; and there is nothing to be reckoned which could invade the susceptibilities of the most decorous. Would that all crimes—crimes there must be—were as well conducted as to proprieties, procedure and aims as this is.

It was, a couple of days after Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Burden went to the opera, leaving the Centre Rush at home, for college athletes must be sparing in the matter of expenses, and get to bed by half-past 10, even during the Christmas holidays. Another valuable thing that Mr. and Mrs. Burden left behind them was the jewelry of their romance, save only a couple of thousand dollars' worth of black pearls on which the rest of the valuables were incised in a small iron box, mounted on a pedestal in a corner of the room. In Mr. Burden's safe, in a room adjoining, were many treasures of a commercial character—certificates, and so forth. Doubtless the Centre Rush could easily have disposed of these things in a twinkling, had he come in contact with them. But nothing occurred to give him an inkling of the impending catastrophe. The healthy sleepiness of youth came upon him about 10 o'clock, and he was dreaming of being a victorious battering ram on the football field. The butler and footman, blameless and immaculate, and invested with the aroma of English nobility, were in charge of the premises, and that was enough. Crime would shrink appalled from such a front as they presented.

Now, December 27 was a Friday—a clear, cold night—and it was the habit of Mr. and Mrs. Burden to spend every Friday night at the opera; a habit which must have been well known to servants who had been in their employ the better part of a year. Nor could it have escaped them that Mrs. Burden, on this particular occasion, wore fewer ornaments than was her custom. The inference was easy that the rest of her jewels were in the safe. That that safe was readily accessible to persons as familiar with the arrangements of the home as Mr. William Dunlop, butler, and Mr. Turner, footman, were!

Upon investigation it appears that access to it was remarkably easy. But, indeed, nothing is more remarkable in jewel robberies than the carelessness displayed by the owners of the jewels. Mrs. Burden had a safe, but it was secured by only an ordinary lock and key; and the key was commonly kept on a certain shelf of a closet in her dressing room. We are not disposed to suppose that the robbers had a duplicate key made; and, as a matter of fact, this duplicate key was found, after the robbery, lying on the top of the safe, where the operator had evidently laid it down. Let us now reconstruct, upon the circumstantial evidence available, the succession of events from the time Mr. Willie Burden, centre rush, got into bed, until his parents returned from that expensive opera, and discovered their loss.

At that time Dunlop and Turner were in the lower part of the house, and their plans were maturing, were ripe for execution. The time had come. They had considered and reconsidered every step a hundred times, to the least detail, and success was assured. They were now in the act of making their way to the safe, when the door opened and a servant came in, and, at any rate, the robbers were not so cool as they showed the nerve and coolness of veterans. They were the only two servants who slept in the house; the other five were women, and the coachman and chef slept out. There was no one to look out for but centre rush, and he was asleep.

There is a winding stairway ascending through the centre of the house. The jewels and Mr. William were on the second floor. The two gentlemen's gentlemen wound their way upstairs; one of them stood guard at Mr. William's door, the other stepped softly down the corridor and entered the closet separating Mr. Burden's office from his wife's room. He entered the latter by the closet door, which he locked behind him, to secure himself, if only for a moment, against a possible attack from centre rush. The safe was now before him; the key was in his hand, he turned the lock and the jewels were his. He secreted them in a bag already prepared underneath his clothes. The robbery was completed. But his collateral duties were not yet done.

It was necessary to divert suspicion away from himself upon a mythical outside operator. In Mrs. Burden's room, near the safe, was a bureau, containing minor valuables. He pulled open and ransacked the drawers of this, scattering some of the contents on the floor, as he might expect to see the safe broken open, and he was out for all he could get. Then he returned by way of the outer hall to Mr. Burden's office. Here he opened the large safe (also apparently with the original key), and made a prey of such of its contents as seemed likely to be most available, closing the safe afterward, so that this chapter of the transaction was not known till three days later. While doing this, he was within sight of Turner, on guard at the door between the office and Mr. William's bedroom. He then went to the window looking out on the back yard adjoining the hotel. This he opened, and threw out of it the case which had contained the most bulky of Mrs. Burden's ornaments. The gems composing the ornament were then removed from their setting, which was also thrown away. This was done in order to get the gems into the bag before mentioned, which would not have contained the complete structure. The noise made by the operation was heard by Mr. William, who awoke for a tapping on his door. He supposed it to be Turner bringing him towels, and as it was not repeated, inferred that the man, finding him in bed, had gone away. The window was left open, and the chain of false evidence to suggest an entrance from without was complete. The two men returned downstairs, their object achieved.

So far our construction of events seems

plausible enough. But why did Turner, at this juncture, leave the house and go—no one knows where—for half an hour? He said he went to the drugist's for quinine for toothache, and this might be true. But his real object was presumably to get the jewels previously prepared. Did he hand them to a confederate? Or did he, after all, only take a harmless airing and back again? The latter hypothesis seems unlikely; but there is even less likelihood of the second, not only because no trace of a confederate has ever come to light, but because there would be too much risk of such a confederate going off and leaving in the lurch those who bore the burden and heat of the enterprise. Upon the whole, there seems to be less objection to the first supposition than to the others. There are places within a mile of Madison square where a hole could be prepared big enough to hold a million dollars' worth of gems, and yet so concealed as to be safe. It is not necessary to imagine, either, that they were kept there long. As soon as the danger of a search of their persons was over, they could get them out and stow them in the bag again. Nevertheless, there is a mystery here which is not likely to be solved, save by a confession. Like most mysteries, it will probably seem simple enough when we know it. Too much astuteness makes us blind.

The noise heard by Mrs. Williams fixes the hour of the robbery at somewhere near 10 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Burden returned about 12. During two hours at least, therefore, the thieves must have endured a trying suspense. They must prepare themselves to appear shocked, astounded, innocent, indignant, as occasion might demand. They would be questioned sharply and scrutinized keenly, not only by their employers, but by less credulous and sympathetic policemen and detectives. To sustain such an ordeal successfully would be a harder job than opening the safe and taking out the jewels. But it was either that or State prison; and we cannot withhold our recognition of the redoubtable manner in which they acquitted themselves.

It is true that their employers were disappointed at first to let them off easily. It was incredible that a former servant of the Duke of Portland should be a thief, and was not that back window open, and that case discovered in the yard? But the police were less readily appeased, and for two months there were never out of a detective's sight, and were obliged to be continually in evidence, calm, impeccable, quietly observant of their duties—which, by the way, they are reported to have discharged at all times with a dash and address beyond criticism. And to perfect servants, as well as accomplished thieves is no slight feat; either ought to be enough to satisfy an ordinary man's ambition. But Dunlop and Turner were no ordinary firm.

In fact, they fairly wore out suspicion. The time came when they ceased to be shadowed. They had done or said absolutely nothing since the crime to connect them with it. No pawnshop's doors had been opened to them; there had been no mysterious conferences with unknown parties; nothing had occurred to indicate that they were other than the model domestics they gave themselves out to be. The police began reluctantly to regard the affair as another of the insoluble mysteries. The jewels had vanished into thin air and left no trace behind them.

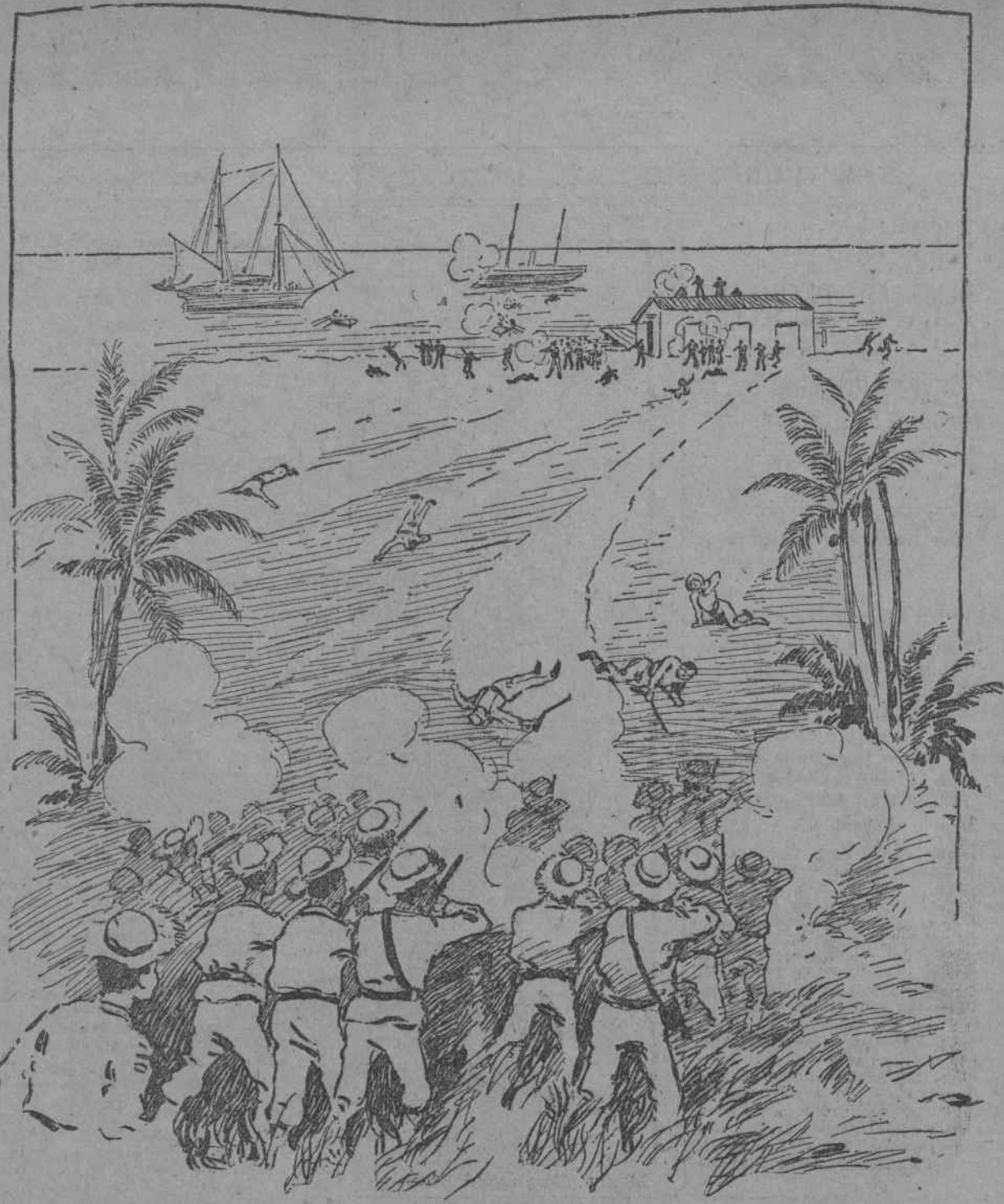
Then, and not before, did these masters of their craft begin to bestir themselves. They frankly admitted that they were pained by the doubt of their honesty, which they could not avoid having noticed. It is intolerable for an honest man to sit still under a suspicion which is unjust, from the nature of the case, to disprove. They were in a foreign and hostile country; they longed for home and love. They informed their employers that the situation was no longer congenial to them and bade them a dignified but not unkindly farewell. They departed, not together, but separately, and fairly sailed for home on different steamers, bearing the gems and the mystery with them.

Man is but mortal, however, and in the wilderness of London they came together again. They had almost the right to think that they were safe. What safer plunder could there be than that of jewels? Besides, one must have money; diamonds and rubies are not good to eat. So they went to Mr. Streeter's, and we know the rest.

The curious thing is that they were arrested on general suspicion, as it were, and with reference to the Burden robbery. Mr. Streeter thought the stones looked as if they had been torn from their settings, and he discovered that the men were ignorant of their value; he sent for the police and the arrest was made. When the jewels turned out to be the Burden booty, for which a reward of \$10,000 had been offered, it was an agreeable surprise. The detectives of Scotland Yard had gone fishing for a minnow and had caught a tarpon.

But who shall explain to us the true inwardness of these things? How could men who had shown such coolness, sagacity and resources in the perpetration of a robbery slip up so foolishly in the comparatively simple problem of disposing of the proceeds thereof? A little precaution, one would think, would have prevented danger. There are jewellers in London easier to manage than Mr. Streeter. And how could it happen that they were not informed of the value of their plunder? How could they help knowing it, seeing that the Burdens must often have mentioned it within their hearing? Indeed, one cannot avoid doubting the accuracy of this last report from London. No one is better acquainted with the value of precious stones than the persons who have made a business of stealing them. Such knowledge is a necessary precaution against being deceived by plausible pacts and pincushions.

But once more, perhaps these men were not professional thieves; perhaps this was their first exploit. Dunlop, the elder, is but twenty-eight years old, and according to his own uncontradicted account has been diligent in the service of the great since his fifteenth year. Turner appears to have been his fellow servant at the Duke of Portland's, and no charge of fraud dishonesty has yet been brought against them though there is mention of some irregularity at the Duke's while they were in his employ. As for their history on this side of the water, Dunlop came into Mr. Burden's employ in consequence of an advertisement inserted in a newspaper by the latter, to which Dunlop wrote a circumstantial and characteristic reply. Turner was afterward engaged at Dunlop's recommendation. There is nothing ambiguous in all this. Anybody would have been deceived by such men. And in truth it appears probable to the present writer that the men, when they entered the Burden household, were as men go, indifferent honest; but opportunity proved too strong for them, or, perhaps, a postponed outbreak of hereditarily broke them down. They fell, and fell, while they were about it, for all they were worth. For aught we know, the life of a respected and trusted servant may be



This picture of the battle of Lechusa, the greatest fight of the war in Cuba, is a rough sketch made especially for the Journal by an officer of the patriot army. It represents the flow of the Spanish army, the Alfonso XIII. Battalion, driven by the Cubans to the sea, seeking refuge on the gunboat Aleria, which with its batteries saved them from entire destruction. This is the worst defeat the Spaniards sustained since the breaking out of the war.

the best preliminary training for successful robbery. A servant has to be a keen observer; he has leisure to meditate over the inequalities of human life, and to reflect upon the injustice which relegates a person of his fine manners and presence to a position behind his master's chair. He feels that he would grace a fortune; he sees one daily within his reach; why should he not grasp it? And when he has got as far as to ask himself that question, what an excellent chance he has to think it all over, again and again, and arrange his campaign! As for the concealment and self-repression afterward—are not these faculties the especial and characteristic accomplishment of good servants, who, under all circumstances, must preserve the same impassive, downcast and respectful demeanor? Really, now I come to reason about it, it does seem as if the most promising nursery for a band of robbers might turn out to be the servants' hall!

So I take leave of my young friends Dunlop and Turner, in whom unforeseen circumstances have caused me to take more interest than I had ever anticipated. I hardly know whether or not to desire a confession from them. If it comes, it will probably satisfy my surmises, and if it does not, it will leave me forever a prey to a devouring curiosity.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE BURDEN JEWEL ROBBERY.

Continued from First Page.

that Friday night and the hour we returned and Mrs. Burden discovered the door of her safe open and the jewels missing does not strike me as particularly important, because I have not heard of any third party connected with Dunlop and Turner in perpetrating the robbery. I really have not formulated any theory to fit the circumstances, and as we have not received word of any confession having been made a good many things are still unexplained. We are busy preparing to sail on Wednesday, having engaged passage to-day, and all the details are in the hands of the authorities here and in England. I believe extradition papers are being arranged for while the men are held without bail.

LOCAL POLICE CHAGRINED.

The local police officials are somewhat chagrined to think that they had the men in their grasp or at least under surveillance for so long and then lost their quarry, but both Captain O'Brien, at Police Headquarters, and Captain Pickett, of the West Thirtieth Street Station, feel relieved to know the biggest diamond robbery of the day has been solved and the men who did it rounded up so that their operations in the future are likely to be confined to hard labor of an honest sort for years to come. Captain O'Brien said yesterday: "I received a cablegram from Inspector Shorr to-day saying that no confession had been made. In a week or so we will send a couple of men over to Scotland Yard and bring Dunlop and Turner back. The District Attorney has sent to Washington, and Governor Morton has acted in the matter, so we ought to have our extradition papers ready pretty soon."

Captain Pickett said: "It's easy enough now to say, 'Well, we thought all along this butler did it,' but as a matter of fact Mr. Burden will tell you that as soon as I got to the house on the night of the robbery I said to him the fact that one of the ser-

vants had been out of the house during the evening looked bad and I wanted to take a look about; he has given me a detailed account of his movements while he was out of the house from nine o'clock until half past."

Hugh Dunlop, brother of the Burden butler, who is now coachman for Mr. Whitehead Reid, when seen at the stable, No. 47 East Fifth street, yesterday, said: "When William came here to stay for a few days after he had quit Mr. Burden's service he brought only a trunk and two hand bags to my house. One of these was large and one was only medium sized, like the one described by the London police as containing some of the jewels. All his luggage was marked with his initials though, and William declares the one found in his rooms in London is not his. Nobody came to see William when he was here, and he received no packages and sent none away, so far as I know. He went out frequently, sometimes leaving his luggage open, but usually it was locked. I am sure he never said or did anything while around here that appeared suspicious."

The other servants in the Burden household feel immensely relieved that the robbers have been caught; as they felt that they were all more or less suspected of some complicity in the matter, though the detectives had ceased shadowing them for some time.

NO CONFESSION MADE.

But the London Police Think They Have a Complete Case Against the Alleged Thieves.

By Julian Ralph.

London, April 18.—The police here consider they have the whole case practically complete against Dunlop and Turner and that little more remains to be discovered. No confession has yet been made. The London papers give prominence to the facts of the robbery drawn from American sources, but add nothing to what has already been cabled to the Journal.

EXTRADITION PROCEEDINGS BEGUN.

Washington, April 18.—At the request of Governor Morton, of New York, the Department of State has requested Ambassador Bayard to secure the provisional detention of Dunlop and Turner, the alleged thieves of the Burden diamonds. Governor Morton notified the department that immediate steps will be taken to file the papers requisite to secure extradition. Assistant-District Attorney Battle, of New York City, is here representing the Governor before the department.

BARBER SUES MR. BURDEN.

Called to Shave the Millionaire, Was Hit by a Falling Bundle and Wants Damages.

Frank Schiele, a barber, has brought suit against J. Townsend Burden to recover \$15,000 for damages alleged to have been sustained in an accident which he met with at the Burden residence, No. 5 East Twenty-sixth street, last February.

Schiele's shop, at No. 7 West Twenty-seventh street, is just around the corner from the Burden mansion. On the morning of February 3, according to Schiele's complaint, he was summoned by Mr. Burden to shave him. As he was passing through the hall of the house he was struck on the head by a bundle of clothing, thrown from a floor above by a man servant of the Burden family. The force

of the blow knocked him down, and in falling he broke his right leg.

Schiele has spent part of the intervening time at the New York Hospital. He claims that as a result of the accident he is now suffering from neuritis in the right arm.

The suit was brought on April 3 by Lawyer Herman W. Vanderpool, of No. 71 Broadway. On account of Mr. Burden's departure for England to recover the diamonds lost in the celebrated robbery, an answer has been arranged for an answer to the complaint until May 12.

Mr. Burden, when seen yesterday, said that while he did not consider himself personally responsible for the accident, he and Mr. Schiele had discussed the matter, and were likely to effect some arrangement out of the courts on his return from England.

POLITICS, SAYS REV. MR. CLEVELAND.

Continued from First Page.

Ignored by the presbytery. The leader of the Van Dorens is Abram Van Doren, a wealthy farmer. There are thirteen members in the family, so it will be seen that here hold the balance of power in the church. They are ultra-Republicans, in fact, ultra everything—ultra temperance, ultra church and ultra Presbyterians. They are clannish, and will do anything to obtain power in the religious and political circles in which they move. The head and front of the McPherson faction is Charles McPherson, an undertaker. He is a good man, devoid of all political bigotry.

HOW THE FEUD BEGAN.

The feud commenced in this way: McPherson's first wife was a Van Doren. She died some years ago, and McPherson married again. He, like Ben Harrison, who did not consult his relatives, did not consult the Van Dorens in regard to his choice of a second wife. This outraged the Van Dorens, and then this religious feud began. When I was called here it was understood I was a Republican, but I was a Democrat. When the mistake was discovered, the seeds of discord were first sown. I have been a life-long Democrat, and to-day firmly believe in the principles of the party. Not because my brother is President, but because the principles of the Democratic party coincide with my views.

I never preached politics in the pulpit. Perhaps in private talks and social conversation I might have expressed my views on other political questions, but not in a way that could have furnished grounds for ill-feeling. Upon my advent here the Van Dorens informed me that I must not regard the McPhersons as having any power or influence in the church. That opened my eyes. I learned that Charles McPherson's brother had been a hard-shell Democrat. But he had mortgaged his farm in order to raise money with which to build the Chaumont Presbyterian Church. I expressed the opinion that the people who built the church, certainly ought to have some voice in its councils. By this remark the rancorous seeds that had been latent in the breasts of the Van Dorens began to yield its crop of discord.

"By a system of underground gossip and visiting the Van Dorens planned to effect my resignation. In this act they are past masters. They have had a deal of practice in it, and they spread stories, visited and gossiped, told this thing and that, until they had created quite a following. One day in open church Abram Van Doren called me 'a damned old copperhead.'"

THOUGHT HIM A REPUBLICAN.

"It was long after that that I was visited by a delegation of which he was the spokesman, and my resignation requested. On that occasion Van Doren told me that when they called me to the pastorate they supposed I was a Republican, and that as they had found that I was a Democrat they believed they could not retain me as pastor any longer. I refused to resign, saying it was not the will of the majority of the congregation. I have been criticized for not resigning. In fact, when the trouble was ripe I received a call to another church, but refused to leave Chaumont because I knew this squabble was

damaging to the church and the people. I did not want to leave and have it said I was forced to do so. I decided to stay until the matter was ultimately decided one way or the other.

"Call it obstinacy, doggedness, grim determination—anything you wish. My supporters, who are among the wealthiest and most influential people in the village, also advised me to stay. I believed that it was political bigotry which was egging on the Van Doren faction in their efforts to oust me from the pastorate. Soon after at the annual church meeting Van Doren gave up his new and withdrew from the church, giving as his reason: 'Too much tacit reform.' He was followed by others, a small minority. That was a year ago. It has taken a year for the Van Doren faction to effect their purpose. Their success was won by their peculiar, underhand methods, in which they are adepts. They did not allow the matter to quiet down.

VAN DORENS KEPT AT IT.

"They visited every member of the congregation and exhorted them to declare themselves against me. They were continually running to Watertown, carrying to the ministers there tales of discord in our church, fomenting trouble and strengthening their scheme to force me out of the pastorate.

"Every little point was exaggerated. They laid the matter before the Presbytery in October and a committee was appointed to investigate. The committee visited Chaumont, and when made acquainted with the facts as told by the Van Dorens, they decided to recommend no action in the matter. When I went to the Presbytery meeting this week I found that everything had been cut and dried and it was almost a disturbance that I had been abusive, a fomentor of trouble—in fact, a means of trouble.

HE WILL NOT APPEAL.

"I have decided not to appeal the case to the Synod. I will abide by the decision of the Presbytery. I will preach my final sermon to-morrow. I will move out of this house next week, but not from the village. My wife is ill and I can make no plans to other places, but have not considered any of them. It is probable that my wife and I will remove to Ohio. My sons reside there, one in Columbus and the other in Cleveland. My sister, Mrs. Richard Bacon, lives in Toledo, and she is anxious to have us come there to live. I have not received a call from a New York church, and think that such a move is quite improbable.

"While looking over the family album in search of his own likeness, the minister turned to the photographs of his parents, and pointing to his father's picture, asked: 'Did you ever see a picture of President Franklin Pierce? Well, father looked just like him.'"

"Yes," he reiterated, as he stood at the door. "You may say that politics was at the root of the whole trouble. Depend upon it, you will make no mistake."

"Does your brother ever say anything to you, Mr. Cleveland, as to whether or not he cares to run again for the Presidency?" the preacher was asked.

"He never mentions political matters or his aspirations in his letters to me, which are always of the friendliest nature."

AN OPPONENT'S VIEWS.

One of Mr. Cleveland's opponents in speaking of his forced retirement said: "Rev. Mr. Cleveland began his pastorate at Chaumont under the most auspicious circumstances. It seems that the real motive for calling him to this field of active labors was mercenary rather than religious. The fact that he was the brother of the President seems to have entered largely into his call to the village church. Religion was a secondary consideration. Social standing and political influence were motives of his ardent admirers. He began his pastorate under the becoming modesty of a President's brother, but he has continued with a bigotry which characterized John Calvin or his coadjutor, John Knox. Mr. Cleveland meant well in his exposition of the Scriptures, but he has clung with a unique tenacity to the interpretations and beliefs of a half century ago.

For instance, he has repeatedly said that the Sunday-school is no place for older men and women, and in other ways has shown his dislike for active church work outside the pulpit. In other words he is a good preacher along narrow lines, a poor pastor. This seems to be the reason why he first caused a dissection in his church. Mr. Cleveland, as a man, stands high. He is a thorough Christian and generous to a fault, but he is obstinate.

Like his brother, when he has reached a conclusion and mapped out a plan of conduct he will never deviate from it. Other men in his position would have resigned the pastorate long ago knowing that the best workers and strongest men in his congregation wished him so to do. But not so Mr. Cleveland. He will probably appeal from the decision of the synod to the higher religious courts within the Presbytery and Church, and if there be any way for him to get to the General Assembly with his case he will probably stand forth in the attitude of a second Briggs.

DENIES POLITICS CAUSED IT.

"Politics do not seem to have entered into the question of his removal. The members of his congregation who are opposed to him are enlightened and patriotic, and he is a man of high character, and he is not influenced by any political motive whatsoever. The truth of the whole matter is, Mr. Cleveland is too conservative, too obstinate, and too old-fashioned in his religious views. He is a rare combination of the gentle and the bold, of the timid and the fearless. He is not too far advanced in years to ever change.

"His home is most modest, most cozy. His life is quiet, gentle, peaceful. His wife is an untiring worker in the church, but the church needs not the conservatism of age, but the fire and impetuosity of youth.

"The committee to whom was referred the church troubles and who reported adversely to Mr. Cleveland, was composed of men of the highest and broadest character. On that committee were Dr. Miller, of Ogdensburg, a trustee of the Ogdensburg College; Dr. J. J. Porter and Dr. S. A. Hoyt, both of Watertown. It is said that the committee was not only well informed, but necessary and imperatively demanded.

"Whether or not Mr. Cleveland appeals to the Synod, the ultimate decision upon the report of these gentlemen, and the friends of Mr. Cleveland, will accept with a forgiving and a recommendation of this committee."

QUEEN'S GILLIE NO MORE.

He Was Related to the Famous John Brown, and Fared Handsomely.

London, April 18.—The Queen has lost a trusted servant, Hugh Brown, who was a relative of the famous John Brown. Hugh Brown was Her Majesty's favorite gillie, and used to ride some ten years ago on the box seat with Her Majesty's coachman.

The Queen provided him with a charming residence at Frogmore and a cottage at Balnainy. His family will be given an ample pension.

Where there are children, there Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup should be always handy.

GIRL BRIDE OF A WEEK DISAPPEARS.

On the Eve of a Dinner Party Mrs. Hans Clausen Leaves Her Home.

Daughter of Charles F. Zentgraf, a Rich Wall Paper Maker, Living at Stapleton, S. I.

HUSBAND CARRIES HOME ROSES.

The Wife Does Not Meet Him at the Door, Her Hat and Wraps Are Gone, No One Has Seen Her and Her Husband Searches in Vain.

Mrs. Constance Clausen, of Stapleton, S. I., who was married a week ago, disappeared mysteriously from her home yesterday.

Mrs. Clausen is twenty-two years old, and a daughter of Charles F. Zentgraf, a prominent and wealthy resident of Staten Island. He is the senior and managing partner in the firm of Louis Dejonge & Co., fancy paper manufacturers, in Duane street. His wife is a daughter of the founder of the firm, who is now retired. The marriage of Miss Zentgraf was celebrated on Saturday evening last, in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of her parents and the reception, which followed the marriage, was a notable incident. The groom, Hans Clausen, is connected with Mr. Zentgraf's firm and is well-to-do.

On Thursday, after a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Clausen opened a handsome furnished home at the corner of Richmond road and Court street, on Boyd Hill, adjoining the residence of the bride's parents. Their home coming was to have been celebrated to-night with a dinner party, to which about twenty persons had been invited.

Mr. Clausen reached his home about 5 o'clock with a large bunch of flowers for his young wife, but, much to his surprise, she did not meet him at the door. He searched the house, but did not find her, and none of the servants could tell how or when she had gone. A further search revealed the fact that her hat and wraps were missing, and that the Zentgraf home was visited, but there no one had seen the bride for several hours.

Thoroughly alarmed, the father and the husband started out with carriages and visited the homes of all the intimate friends of the missing lady, but she was not at any of them and had not been seen. Then the police were apprised, and a general alarm was sent out. Other friends joined in the search, and Mr. Clausen started for New York to make inquiries here.

Mrs. Zentgraf is nearly prostrated with grief, and said that she could offer no explanation for the disappearance of her daughter, and could only imagine that some evil had befallen her.

BULAWAYO IN DANGER.

The Matabele Are Massing Men in Its Neighborhood and Sending Out Looting Parties.

Cape Town, April 18.—Advices which left Bulawayo by coach have been received here stating that the Matabele are massing men to the northeast of that place and sending out small looting parties.

The hostile Matabele are within half an hour's march of the town.

CHAMBERLAIN WAKENING UP.

Frederick Carrington Appointed Commander of the Campaign Against the Matabele.

London, April 18.—Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington, at present commanding the infantry brigade at Gibraltar, has been appointed to the supreme command of the campaign against the Matabele. The Central News says that the War Office has telegraphed to all military officers who are away from South Africa on leave of absence to hold themselves in readiness to immediately return to their regiments.

General Carrington has had much experience in South Africa. He at different times was in command of the left wing of the Cape Mounted Rifles, and commanded the Frontier Light Horse in the Transvaal war. He took part in the war of the Transvaal against Bechuanaland, commanded the colonial forces in Basutoland, and has since been in command of the mounted police in Bechuanaland. In the latter year he had to Cape Town as military adviser to the Governor.

X-Rays

Of severest test prove Hood's Sarsaparilla absolutely the best, because it has in rigid repeated trial proved that it possesses greatest medicinal merit, thereby actually produces the greatest cures, and from this great benefit naturally and actually has the greatest

Sales

These are facts—honest, hard facts, true in every line. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. The advertising and claims of Hood's Sarsaparilla are honest, have never deceived the people, will bear the brilliant sunlight of investigation in every particular, and the brighter and more intense the X-Ray of severest test is turned on, the more brilliant will its

Merit

history and its record appear. Remember that the people take Hood's Sarsaparilla in preference and almost to the exclusion of all others because of its superlative merit, and because it has cured thousands upon thousands where other preparations have signally failed. X-Rays prove merit; merit cures; cures give greatest sales. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver ills easy to Hood's Pills take, easy to operate, 25c.